

Feel the Way You Feel, My Love Chapter 653

Joyce was unaware of what Natalie was planning. "Nat, do you have some tissue?"
"Here." Natalie rummaged through her pure platinum purse and handed the entire packet to

Joyce.

"Thanks," she sniffled as she extracted a piece to dry her tears. "Nat, I've decided to give up,"

she murmured, keeping her eyes fixed on her feet.

Natalie gaped at her. "Give up on your feelings toward Stanley?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

Joyce took a deep breath, willing herself to suppress the inevitable tears by forcing a smile.

"Because I'm tired. I've loved him for over ten years, and where has that gotten me?"

A

bruised and battered soul with not much dignity left. I don't think I can hold on any longer."

Joyce spun around suddenly, gazing deep into Natalie's eyes with her own bloodshot ones.

"I can see it clearly now. Stanley would rather be with any other woman than me. He will

never love me. That is why I'm giving up on him."

Natalie opened her mouth intending to offer words of advice, but she could come up with

none.

It was certainly a pity for Joyce to give up on Stanley after loving him for so many years.

But if Joyce were to continue hanging on, it would just be waiting in vain. For all she knew,

Stanley might not change his mind.

If that happened, Joyce's youth would just slip by, clinging on to some impossible dream.

Hence, Natalie decided that it would be wiser to remain silent.

Joyce would only hurt herself if she was determined to continue down her current path.

However, the choice to let go might not necessarily be the right one, either.

"Have you really made up your mind?" Natalie looked deep into Joyce's eyes.

They shimmered brightly for an instant. After a second or two, she gave a resolute nod.

"Yes, I have."

"That's a step in the right direction." Natalie nodded approvingly. "You have been out of

touch with the outside world from living all these years with the fantasy of being with Stanley. There are plenty of eligible men out there, Joyce. Now's the time to explore," Natalie said with a pat of encouragement on Joyce's shoulder. Joyce chuckled. "You're right. I can't be letting my youth wither away hanging on to just one man. From now on, I will meet other men and find one who is even better than Stanley who will love me back. I refuse to accept the fact that I am that dependent on him and him alone." With a sudden movement, Joyce leaped to her feet and raised a glass of champagne. Natalie's sense of foreboding came a little too late as Joyce yelled, "Stanley, I'm giving up on you! You're out of my life!" With the eyes of everybody in the vicinity on her, Joyce gulped down the entire glass, only realizing her recklessness a moment too late. In the haste of which she had emptied her drink, Joyce's face grew red as she choked a little. Under the embarrassed eyes of the onlookers, Natalie stood up and quickly escorted her friend out of the room and into the restroom.

Stanley watched the two departing figures of Natalie and Joyce from a lounge on the second floor. His expressionless face was rigid and cold. At that moment, a middle-aged man appeared, handing Stanley a glass of wine. "Stanley. That's you, isn't it? The Stanley that the lady was shouting about?" Stanley took the glass with a smile. "Mr. Peter, you're a humorous man. I'm sorry to disappoint you, but I don't know that woman." "Is that so?" the man gaped in surprise. Stanley clinked his glass against his companion's. "That's right. Perhaps it was the simple coincidence of someone else with the same name. Excuse me, but it's getting late. See you at the surgery tomorrow. It will start on time, so please be punctual." At that, he drained his glass, stuffed his hands into his trouser pockets, and left Mr. Peter alone in the lounge. As soon as he was alone out in the hallway, his pleasant smile melted away to reveal a scowl. She's giving up on me and kicking me out of her life?

Her affection was too lowly for me.
Stanley smirked scornfully.
Suddenly, a man of similar size to him appeared around the corner.
He was clad in a black jacket, over a tweed suit of the same color which looked dashing on him.
His handsome features bore no expression, however.
That man turned out to be Shane who had just finished meeting with Wilhelm.
He did not expect to run into Stanley on his way back to the dining hall.

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However, he did not intend to exchanged pleasantries. The cold glance at Stanley was the only indication Shane gave that he had noticed his presence. Other than that, he passed Stanley without a word.
Stanley behaved in the exact same manner.
Like strangers, the two men passed each other in complete silence, both of whom had no intention on speaking to the other.
Back at the dining hall, Shane had managed to locate Natalie.
It was right when Natalie and Joyce had come out from the restroom.
Joyce had begun binge drinking. A few glasses were all it took to get her drunk. She leaned unsteadily against Natalie, a new glass clutched in her hand.
Shane's face grew grim at the sight. He was about to call for one of his men to pull Joyce away when Natalie stopped him.
"Forget it, she needs me now. What if she gets out of control and creates a scene?"
This was the coming-of-age ceremony of the little princess, after all.
Joyce had embarrassed herself enough with her earlier proclamation. If she went on a drunken rampage, it wouldn't just be embarrassing, but it would be considered a great insult to the princess.

Shane was well aware of that. Thus, he suppressed his dismay about Joyce clinging on to his wife.
"Let's go back to the hotel," Shane suggested after a glance at his watch.
Natalie agreed. "Let me send Lina a text to tell her that we're leaving."
Shane nodded his assent.
After Natalie took out her phone and notified Lina, she pulled Joyce up to her feet with some difficulty.

Shane did not intend to lend a hand, nor did Natalie expect him to do so. Being Natalie's best friend, she obviously did not want Shane to touch her inappropriately.

Shane understood that too well.

Natalie had to grit her teeth to half hoist, and half drag Joyce all the way to their car. That was the difficult part. When everyone was finally seated, they reached the hotel in a surprisingly short time.

"Darling, why don't you go back to our room first," Natalie said to Shane as she took out

Joyce's key card from her purse. "I'll tuck her in before joining you.

With a grunt, Shane departed, leaving Natalie to deal with Joyce.

With its owner's key card in hand, Natalie opened the door of the room across from hers.

With a groan, she dropped Joyce onto the bed and sat at the edge to catch her breath.

Finally. That was exhausting!

Natalie glanced back at the drunken figure of her friend who was still muttering in her sleep.

After her breathing had steadied, Natalie filled a basin of water from the bathroom to wipe

Joyce's face. After that, she dressed her in pajamas.

At last, after tucking Joyce in, she turned to leave.

"Don't go!" Joyce moaned suddenly, amidst a new bout of tears.

Natalie paused. "Joyce, are you okay?"

Joyce's sobbing intensified. "Don't leave me, I'm scared. Stay with me, will you?"

"Joyce, who do you want to stay with you?" Natalie bent down and peered at her, thinking

that Joyce had meant Stanley.

Joyce did not respond but continued to cry bitterly in wanting company.

Natalie could not do anything but lie next to Joyce on the bed. "Okay, I'm not going anywhere. I'm here with you," she coaxed as she would a child.

Joyce's crying stopped abruptly at the sound of Natalie's soft cooing voice.

Natalie knew that she would not be able to leave any time soon. With a resigned sigh, she

reached for her phone to give Shane a call.

At that moment, Shane was sitting on the bed in a white bathrobe. He was reading some

documents from his tablet when his phone rang. "Hello, Natalie?" he answered after a

glance at the screen.

"Darling, I'm sorry but I think you'll have to spend the night without me. I can't leave now,"

came Natalie's voice.

Shane scowled in displeasure. "Why not?"

She couldn't have forgotten her promise about rewarding me, could she?
"Joyce is crying again. She wouldn't settle down unless I'm here with her. Looks like I'll be stuck. here" Natalie let out a sigh as she gazed bemusedly at Joyce who was clinging on to her arm.

Shane's lips were pressed into a thin line in disapproval. "Did you forget about what you have promised me?"
With a start, Natalie blushed as she recalled what she had said earlier that night.
"Oh... can we do that another time? I really can't tonight. I'll double it!"